3

Twelve Songs

set to music

by

William Jackson

of Exeter.

Opera Settima.

price 10- 6d

London.

Printed for the Author, and sold at the Music-Shops.

Lately publiſhed, by the ſame Author,

Twelve Songs	Opera 1
Six Sonatas for the Harpſichord	2
Elegies	3
Twelve Songs	4
An Anthem for Voices and Inſtruments, and an Ode for two Voices	5
Hymns for 3 Voices, which are alſo ſet for a ſingle Voice; proper for public, or private Performance	6
Ode to Fancy	8

(*Of the above, new and corrected Editions*)

Twelve Canzonets for Two Voices	9
Eight Sonatas for the Harpſichord	10

** I muſt apologize for the Liberty I have taken in altering the Words of ſome of the following Pieces---Tho' ſuch Alterations and Apologies are now almoſt Things of courſe with me, yet as theſe Songs may be in the Poſſeſſion of ſome who have not my preceding Publications; it is proper to repeat, that *good* Poetry is not *always* fit for Muſic: to make it ſo I have altered it, and not with the leaſt Thought of improving or correcting ſome of the moſt finiſhed Pieces in our Language. To thoſe who are acquainted with the Originals, ſome of theſe Alterations may appear bold, and others trifling.---The reducing the Meaſure from Lines of ten Syllables to eight, will be conſidered as a moſt flagrant Inſtance of the one; and the changing a few harmleſs Particles, of the other: A general Anſwer would be unſatisfactory, and a particular one too long for this place; I ſhall therefore defer enlarging upon this Subject, as I may poſſibly do it in a Treatiſe, of which the poetical Meaſures, as applicable to Muſic, will be a neceſſary Part.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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8 JY 62

SONGI.

Vio.1
Vio.2

Andante

Pia. for. :S:

Pia. for. :S: Let o = = thers

Pia.

boaſt their ſhi = ning Store, And toil and la = bour on for more, Let them diſturb'd with

for. Pia.

dire A = larms, A = ſpire to dang'rous Fame in Arms. Humbly ſe -

for. T. S. Pia.

cure I'm lull'd to Reſt, In peaceful Cot and cheap-ly bleſt, Me Beau-ty holds in

for.

Pia.

gen=tle Chains, Re-mov'd from Wars tu-=mul-=tuous Plains. Re-mov'd from Wars tu-

Fortis.

:S:

-mul-=tuous Plains.

Fortis.

(2)

In Summer, pleas'd with Harveſt Toils,
In Autumn, preſs the Vineyard's Spoils,

In Winter, waſte the Time in Mirth,

Warm by my blazing chearful Hearth,

At Night, how ſoothing 'tis to hear
The driving Tempeſt whiſtling near,
Pia) My Charmer in my Arms I ſtrain,
And ſlumber to the beating Rain.

(3)

(For) How bleſt beyond the Fool who braves
In ſearch of Wealth the furious Waves!

My weeping Fair I'll never leave
For all the Honours War can give,
Let me for ever far remove
All Cares that leſſen happy Love;
In vain would Age thoſe Joys retrieve,
Which Youth alone can taſte and give!

SONG II.

Vio. 1

Vio. 2

Allegro con ſpirito

Pia. For. Pia. For. Pia. For. Pia.

:S: :S: :S: :S:

Fair Delia my Breaſt ſo a=larms, From her Pow'r I no

for. Pia. for. for.

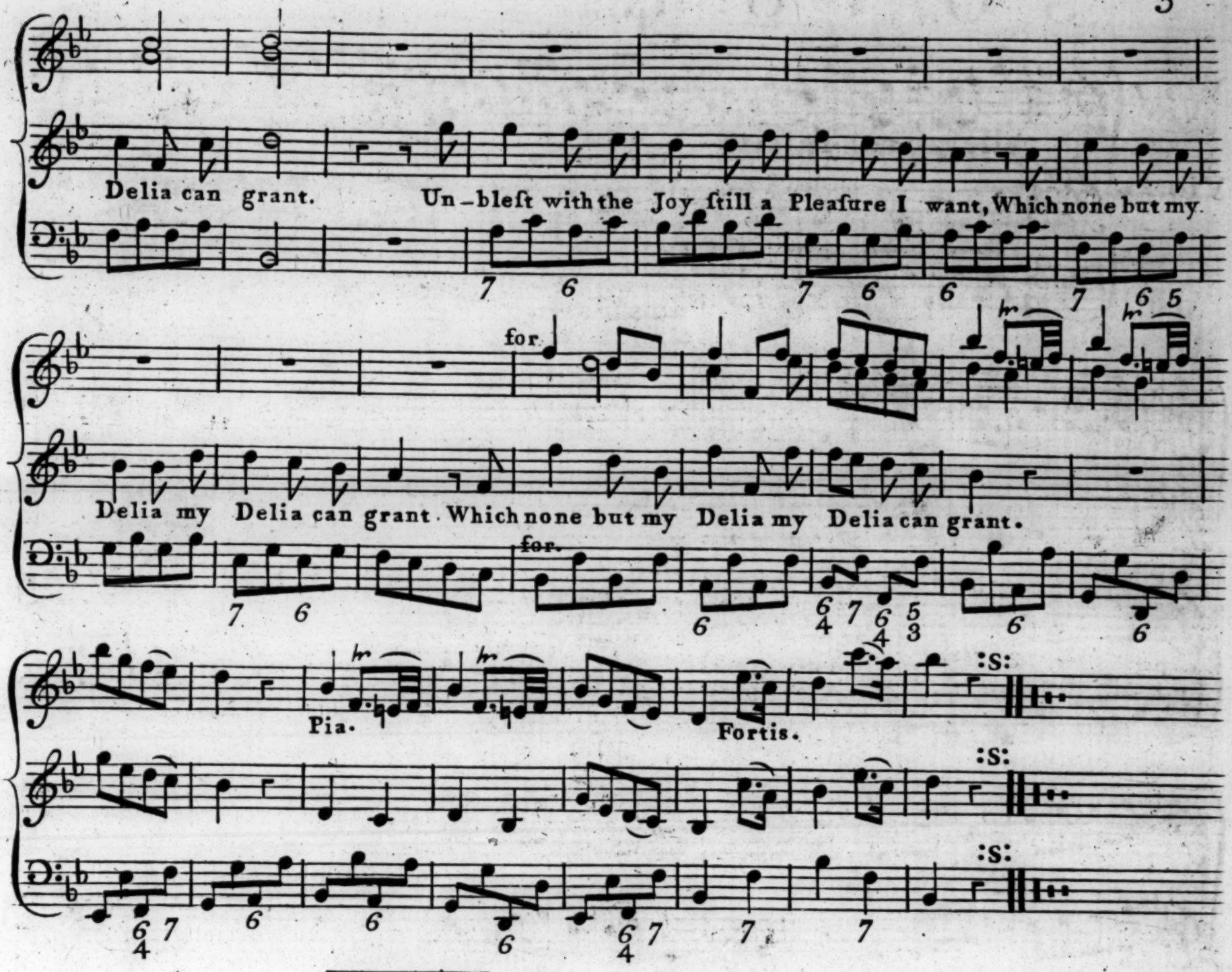
Refuge can find, If an=other I take in my Arms, Yet my Delia is ſtill in my Mind.

for.

Pia.

Un-bleſt with the Joy ſtill a Pleaſure I want, Which none but my Delia my

pia.



(2)

Let her ſmile and I'm inſtantly gay,

My Heart overflows with Delight!

On her I could gaze all the Day,
And lament the Approach of the Night.
Whate'er's my Employment for her is my Care;
My Thoughts and my Dreams are of nought but my Fair.

(3)

Oh did ſhe but know how I love,
And the Pleaſure of loving again,

My Paſſion her Favour would move;
For herſelf ſhe would pity my Pain.
Good nature and Int'reſt would both make her kind,
For the Joy ſhe might give, and the Rapture ſhe'd find.

SONG III

Vio. 1

Vio. 2

Affettuoso

Pia.

for.

:S:

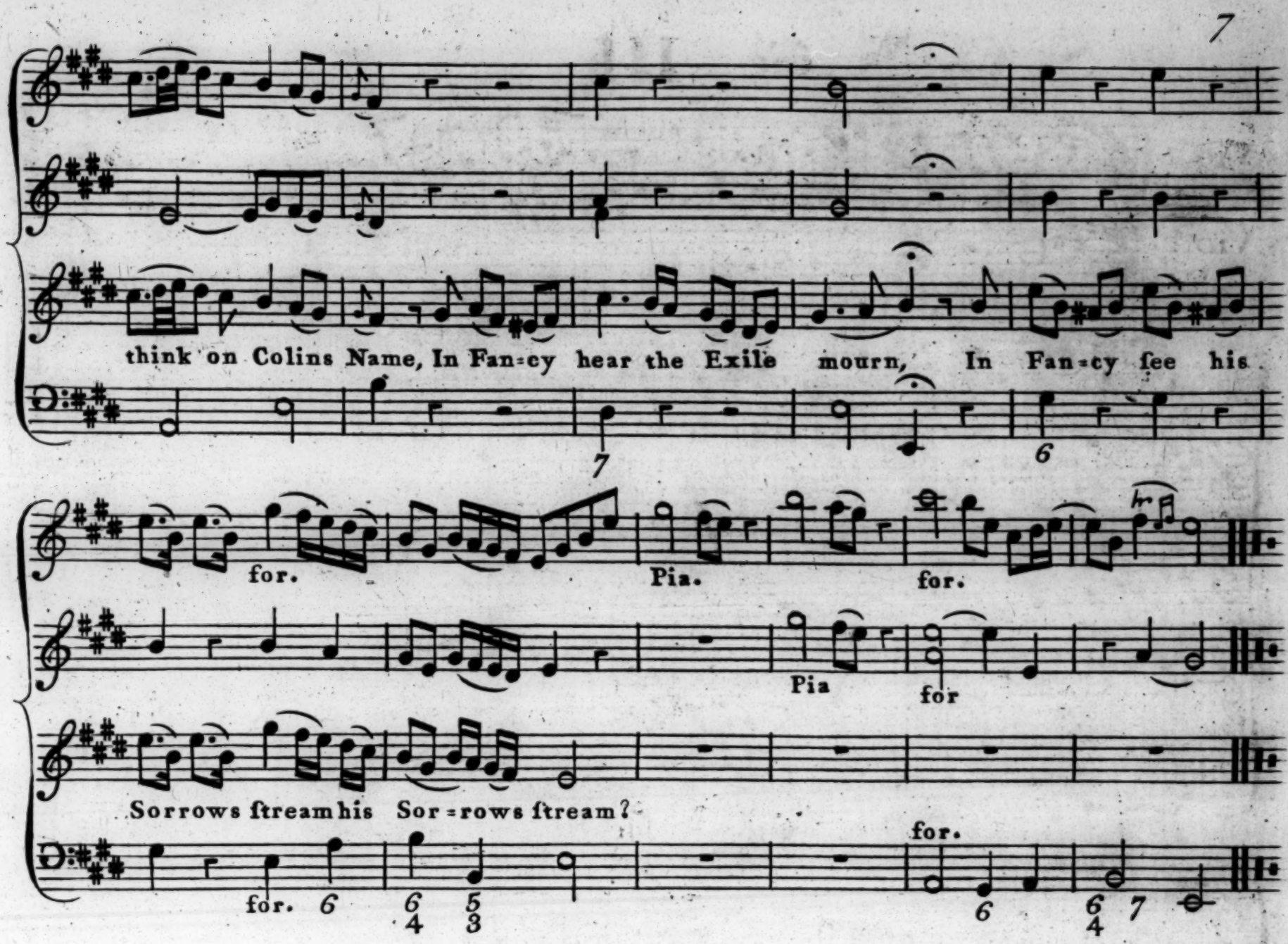
Pia.

Far from the Arms of her I love By Fate too cruel doom'd to

sigh, To desart Climes for-lorn I rove; How ligh-ter far How ligh-ter far the

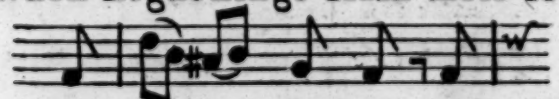
Task to die?

When from my Souls soft Treasure torn, Will Delia

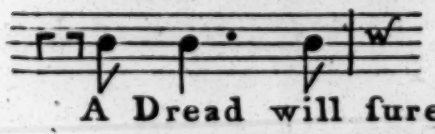


(2)

Say, will not Fear a Pang inſpire,
When Winds the mountain Billows form,
When Light'nings flaſh their forky Fire,



And awful Thunder, and awful Thunder ſwells the Storm.



A Dread will ſurely then prevail,
Thy Soul a kind Compaſſion move,
While Mem'ry tells the tender Tale
Of all my Vows and hapleſs Love.

(3)

Then will thy Fancy paint the Swain
Aghaſt, on Lifes extremeſt Verge,
Now ſtruggling in the roaring Main,
Now dead, and ſunk beneath the Surge.
Yet let not Viſions thus alarm
Thy ſoft thy feeling Heart with Fear,
For Thee Heav'n ſhields my Life from Harm
To ſave ſuch Innocence a Tear.

SONG IV.

Recit. All in the Downs the Fleet lay moor'd, The Streamers waving in the

Aria, Allegro.

Wind, When black-ey'd Suſan came on board. O Where, O where ſhall I my True-love

Violinipia. for.

find; where, oh where ſhall I my True-love find; Tell me ye jovial Sailors,

for. Pia.

tell me true, Does my ſweet William, does my ſweet William ſail a-mong your

T. S.

for. Pia. for.

Crew? Does my ſweet William, does my ſweet William ſail a- -mong your Crew?

for. for.

Recit.

William, who high up-on the Yard, Rock'd with the Billows to and fro. Soon as her well-known

Voice he heard, He ſigh'd, and caſt his Eyes be-low; The Cord ſlides ſwiftly thro his

Violini for

glowing Hands, And quick as Light'ning on the Deck he ſtands.

for

Pia.

Aria, Andante.

So the ſweet Lark high-poizd in Air, ſhuts cloſe his Pinions to his Breaſt If chance his

Pia.

T. S.

Recit.

Mates ſhrill Call he hear, And drops at once in-to her Neſt. The no-bleſt Captain in the

Violini pia.

Britiſh Fleet Might en-vy William's Lips thoſe Kiſſes ſweet.

Vio. 1

Vio. 2

Andante affettuoso

:S: Pia.

:S: O

Su = ſan Su = ſan love = ly Dear, My Vows ſhall e = = ver true re = main;

Pia :S:

for.

for

Let me kiſs off that fal = ling Tear, We on = ly part to meet a = gain.

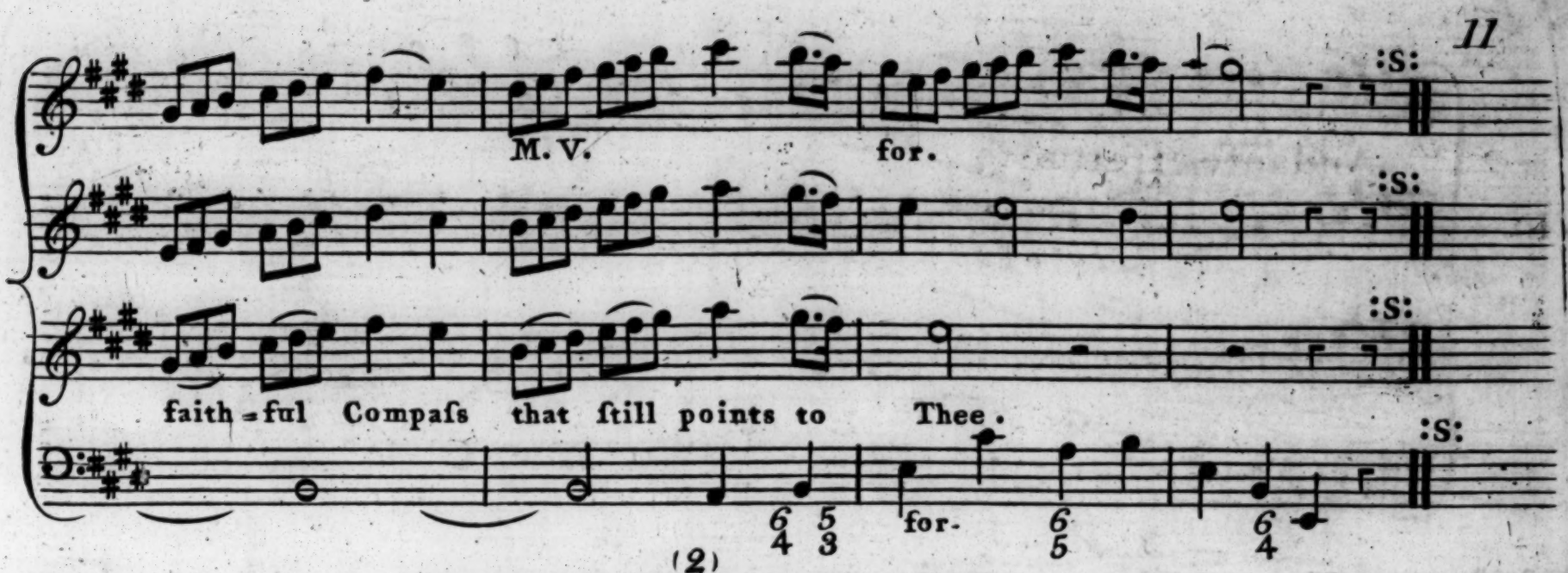
for

Pia-

Change as you liſt ye Winds, my Heart ſhall be The faith = ful Compaſs, the

Pia-

T. S.



(2)

Believe not what the Land men ſay,
Who tempt with Doubts thy conſtant Mind,

They tell thee, Sailors when away
At every Port a Miſtreſs find:
Yes, Yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,

For thou art preſent, thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

(3)

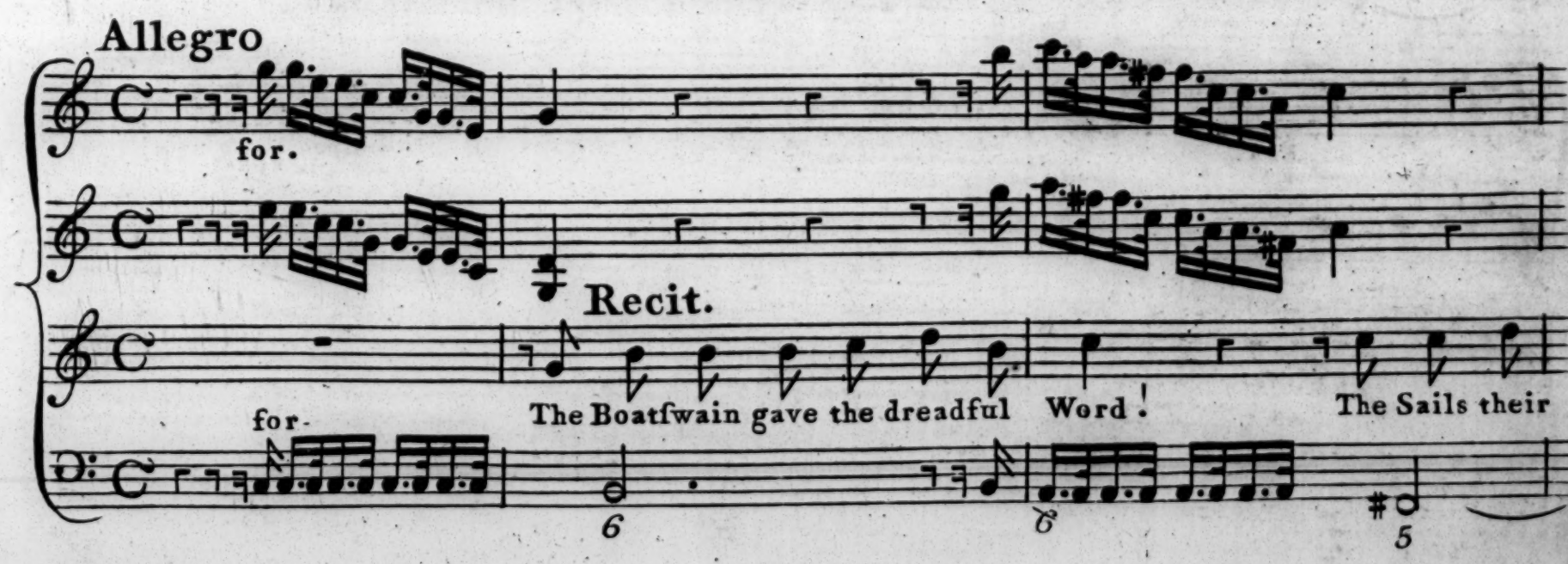
Tho' Battles call me from thy Arms,

Let not my pretty Suſan mourn,

Tho Cannons roar, yet ſafe from Harms

William ſhall to his Dear return.
Love turns aſide the Balls that round me fly,

Leſt precious Tears, precious Tears ſhould drop from Sukeys Eye.



cres. il for.

ſwelling Boſom ſpread. No longer muſt ſhe ſtay on board — They kiſs'd, ſhe

for. pia.

Andante pia.

ſigh'd, He hung his Head. Her leſs'ning Boat un=willing rows to Land,

A=dieu, Adieu, ſhe cries, and wav'd her Lily-hand.

Pia. Pianis.

T. S.

Recit

Parent of blooming Flowrs and gay Deſires, Youth of the tender Year de-

lightful Spring; At whoſe Approach, inſpir'd with equal Fires, The am'rous Nightingale and Poet

Violini

Andante

ſing.

Affettuoso

Corno 1 e 2

Trav. 1 e 2

Viol. 1

Viol. 2

Viola

Voce

Baſſo

:S: Pia.

:S: Pia.

:S: Pia.

:S: Pia.

:S: Pia.

:S:

Thou doſt re = turn, but

Pia.

:S:

not with thee Re = turn the Hours I once poſ = = ſeſt; To o - - thers

chearful, but to me Thou ſad = ly tell'st I once was bleſt, thou ſad - - ly

for.

:S:

tells't I once was bleſt. Thy

Pia-

Charms which Win = ter ſnatch'd a = way Re = new'd in all their Luſ = tre ſhine! But

Pia-

Pianis.

Pianis.

Pianis.

Pianis.

Pianis.

ah! no more ſhall I be gay; But ah! no more ſhall I be gay, Or

Pianis.

know the Joys that have been mine, Or know the Joys that have been

for.

Pia.

for.

Pia.

for.

Pia.

for.

Pia.

for.

mine.

Tho' Flowrs ad –

for.

Pia.

- orn the ſpright = ly Green, Tho fan = ning Ze = phyrs fra = grance bear,

Joyleſs to me is ev = = ry Scene; A = = las my De = = lia is not

for

for-

for-

for-

for.

there, A - - las, my De - - - lia is not there!

Pia

Pia.

Chearleſs I feel the genial Sun, From

Pia.

Pianis.

Pianis.

Pianis.

De = = lia ab = ſent loſt I rove. Tis De = lia. fair = eſt Light a

Pianis.

– lone Tis De = lia fair = eſt Light a – – lone Can warm my Heart to

for. fortis.

for. fortis.

for. fortis.

for. fortis.

for. fortis.

Joy and Love, Can warm my Heart to Joy and Love!

for- fortis.

for. fortis.

SONG VI.

Viol: 1mo.

Viol: 2do.

Viola

Voce

Baſſo

Allegro con Spirito

Pia for

Pia for

Pia for

:S:

Pia

:S:

Pia

:S:

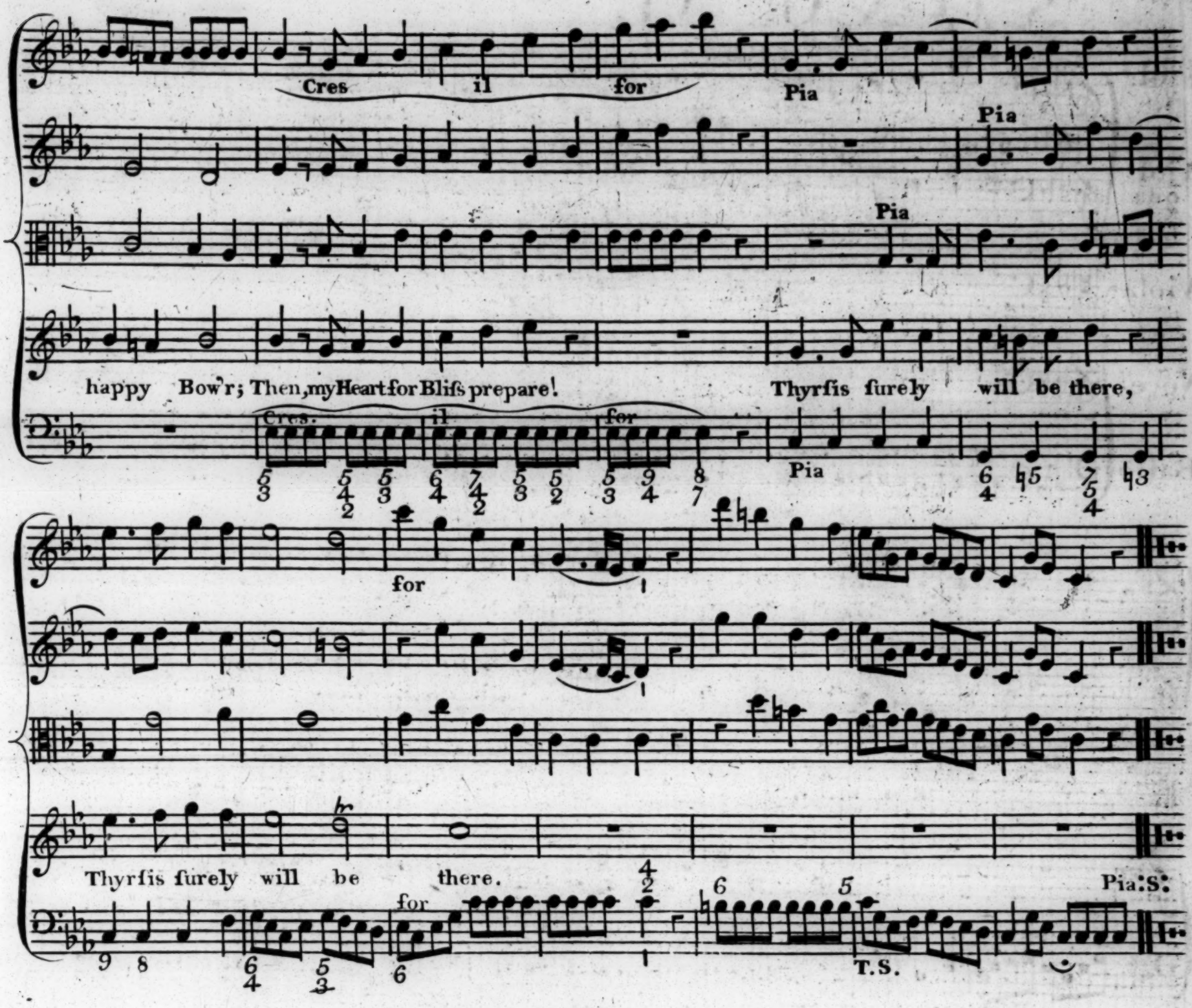
:S:

:S:

Night to Lovers Joys a Friend, ſwiftly thy Aſſiſtance lend, Chace the envious

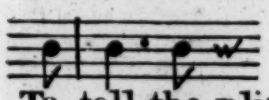
Pia

ſeeing Day, Bring my charming Youth away, Haſte and ſpeed the tedious Hour, To the ſecret



2

See the hateful Day is done,
Welcome Evening now comes on,
Soon to meet my Dear I fly,
None but Love ſhall then be by:
None ſhall dare to venture near,



To tell the plighted Vows they hear.
Parting thence will be a Pain,
But we part to meet again.

3

Farewel loit'ring idle Day,
To my Dear I haſte away;
On the Wings of Love I go,
He the ready Way will ſhew.
Peace my Breaſt, nor Danger fear;
Love and Thyrſis both are near—
'Tis the Youth, I'm ſure 'tis he —
Night how much I owe to thee!

SONG VII.

Viol: 1mo.
Viol: 2do.
Viola e Baſſo

Largo

Pia for Pia for Pia for

Pia for :S: Pia

:S: Love when 'tis true, needs not the Aid of Sighs nor Oaths to

for for

make it known; And to convince the cru_elſt Maid Lo_vers ſhould uſe their

for

Pia

Pia

Love a_lone. In_to their Looks 'twill ſli___ly ſteal, And

Pia

he that moſt would hide his Flame, does then his ſe__cret Pain re__veal: for

Pia

Silence itſelf, Silence it ſelf, can Love proclaim, can for

Pia

Love proclaim.

2

This my Aurelia, made me ſhun
The Paths which common Lovers tread,

Whoſe guilty Paſſion is begun
Not in their Heart but in their Head.

I could not ſigh, and with croſs'd Arms
Accuſe your Rigour or my Fate;
Nor tax your Beauty with ſuch Charms
As Men adore and Women hate;

Allegro

Pia for Pia for Pia

But careleſs liv'd and without Art, knowing my Love you

for for Pia

muſt have ſpy'd. ſpy'd. And think__ing it a need__leſs Part to

ſet to ſhew what none can hide, to ſet to ſhew what none can

Pia for Pia

hide, But care__leſs liv'd and with__out Art, Knowing my Love you

T.S. T.S.

muſt have ſpy'd, And thinking it a need_leſs Part To ſet to

for

ſhew what none can hide, To ſet to ſhew what none can hide, To

fortiſs

ſet to ſhew what none can hide what none can hide.

fortiſs

SONG VIII.

Viol: 1mo

Viol: 2do

Basso

Pia for Pia for Pia for

Andantino

T.S.

:S: Pia

:S:

:S:

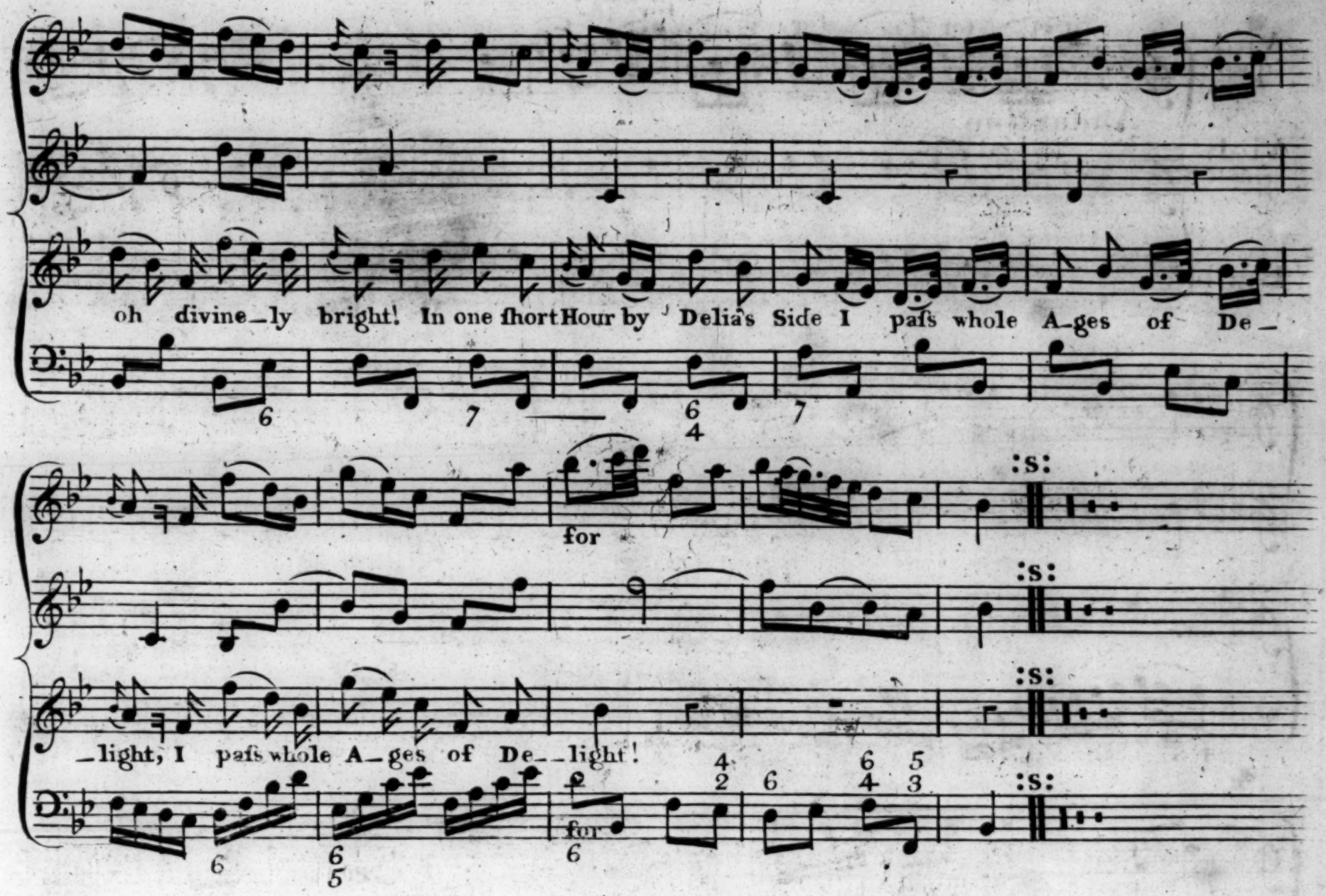
How long muſt hapleſs Co–lin

T.S.

:S:

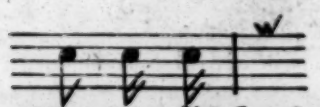
mourn The cold Re–gard of Delia's Eye, The Heart whose Fault a–las is Love, can Delia's

ſoft–neſs doom to die? Sweet is thy Name to Colin's Ear, Thy Beauties



2

Yet tho I lov'd thee more than Life,



Not to diſpleaſe a cruel Maid,
My Tongue forbore its fondeſt Tale,
But murmur'd in the diſtant Shade.

What happier Shepherd wins thy Smile?
A Joy for which I hourly pine!
Some Swain perhaps whose fertile Vales
Whose fleecy Flocks are more than mine.

3

Few are the Vales that Colin boaſts,
And few the Flocks those Vales that rove:
I court not Delia's Heart with Wealth,
A nobler Bribe I offer,— Love!

But ſhould the Virgin yield her Hand,
And thoughtleſs wed for Wealth alone;
The Choice may make my Boſom bleed,
But ſurely cannot bleſs her own.

SONG IX.

Viol: 1mo.
Viol: 2do.
Viola e Baſſo

Allegro

Pia

for

Pia

T.S.

for

Recitative

Now Philomel re-

Pia

-news her tender Strain, Indulging all the Night her pleaſing Pain, I fought the Grove to hear the

Wanton ſing, There ſaw a Face more beauteous than the Spring; A Face divine where thouſand Glories

fortiſs

play; More bright, more lovely than the ſun-ny Ray!

fortiſs

Allegro

In vain I'm promis'd ſuch a heavnly Prize, Ah cruel Fair one Ah cruel Fair one who de_

Pia

layſt my Joys! Tho thy bright Charms enflame my am'rous Heart, I dare not ſnatch one Kiſs to

for

for

ease the Smart to ease the Smart. When will the Hour of wiſh'd for

for

Pia

for

Bliſs arrive, Muſt I wait longer, Can I wait and live? Muſt I wait longer,

Pia Cres il for Fortiſs

Can I wait and live, can I wait and live, can I wait and live?

Pia Cres Fortiſs

Pia

I loath the

Pia

Light, and ſleep for ſakes my Eyes, Turn thee my Faireſt eer thy Lo_ver

dies. Sinking to Earth I ſigh one laſt A__dieu. Call me,

call me, my Goddeſs and my Life re_new. My Queen, my Angel, my fond Hearts de__fire,

Pianiſs. Cres

Pi_ty that Paſſion, pi_ty that Paſſion, pi_ty that Paſſion which thy

T. S. Cres

il for fortiſs

Charms in_ſpire, the Charms in_____ſpire!

Fortiſs

SONG X.

Viol: 1ft.

Viol: 2d.

Baſſo

Allegro brillante

Pia

:S:

Thy Ab___fence De___lia from my

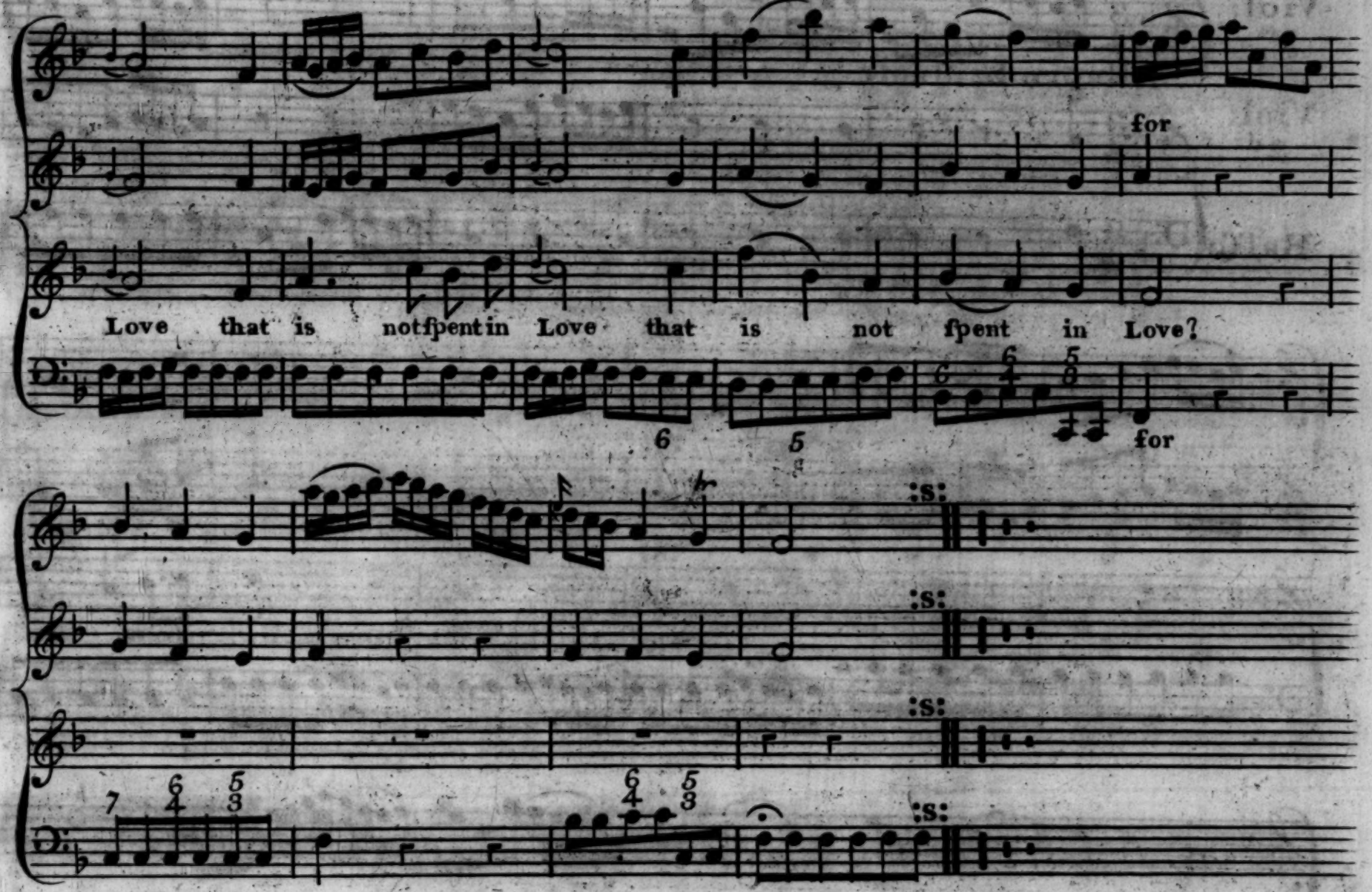
for

Bow'r My con__ſtant Sighs re__prove.

for

Pia

What Lan__guor hangs on ev'___ry Hour that is not ſpent in



2

Yet thro' the Shade no Murmurs ſteal
Except from Colin's Tongue;
For Delia fill'd is ev'ry Gale
With Pleaſures chearful Song.

3

O haſte! for Thee my Riv'lets roll
The Hills the Vales are gay,
Where, Emblems of my Delia's Soul,
The ſpotleſs Lambkins play.

4

O haſte! for Thee all Nature pours
Around her bloomy Pride,
With Bliſs to wing the Virgins Hours
Who bleſſes all beſide!

SONG X.

Viol: 1ft.

Viol: 2d.

Baſſo

Allegro brillante

Pia

:S:

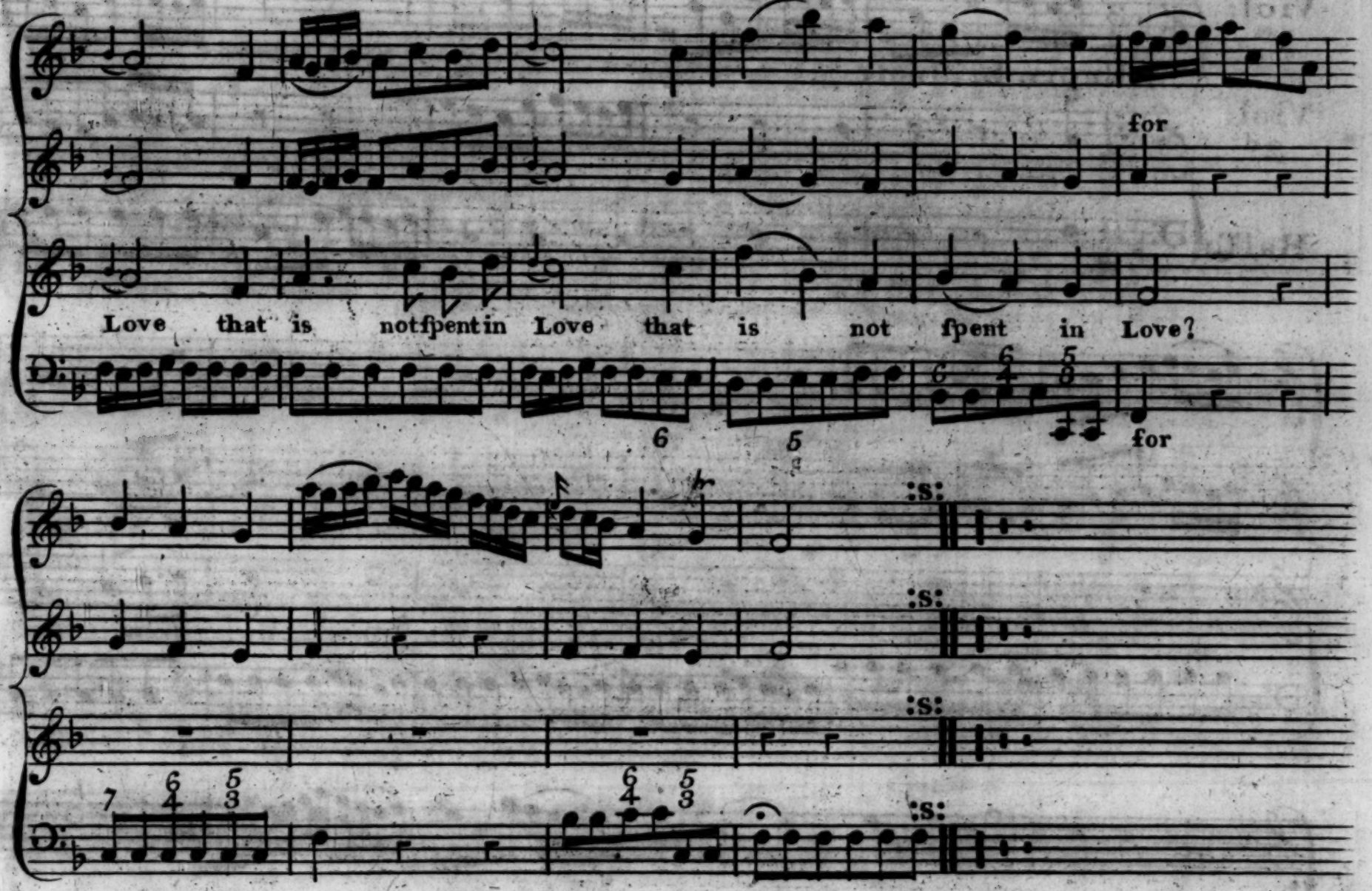
Thy Ab___fence De___lia from my

for

Bow'r My con__ſtant Sighs re__prove.

for

What Lan__guor hangs on ev'___ry Hour that is not ſpent in



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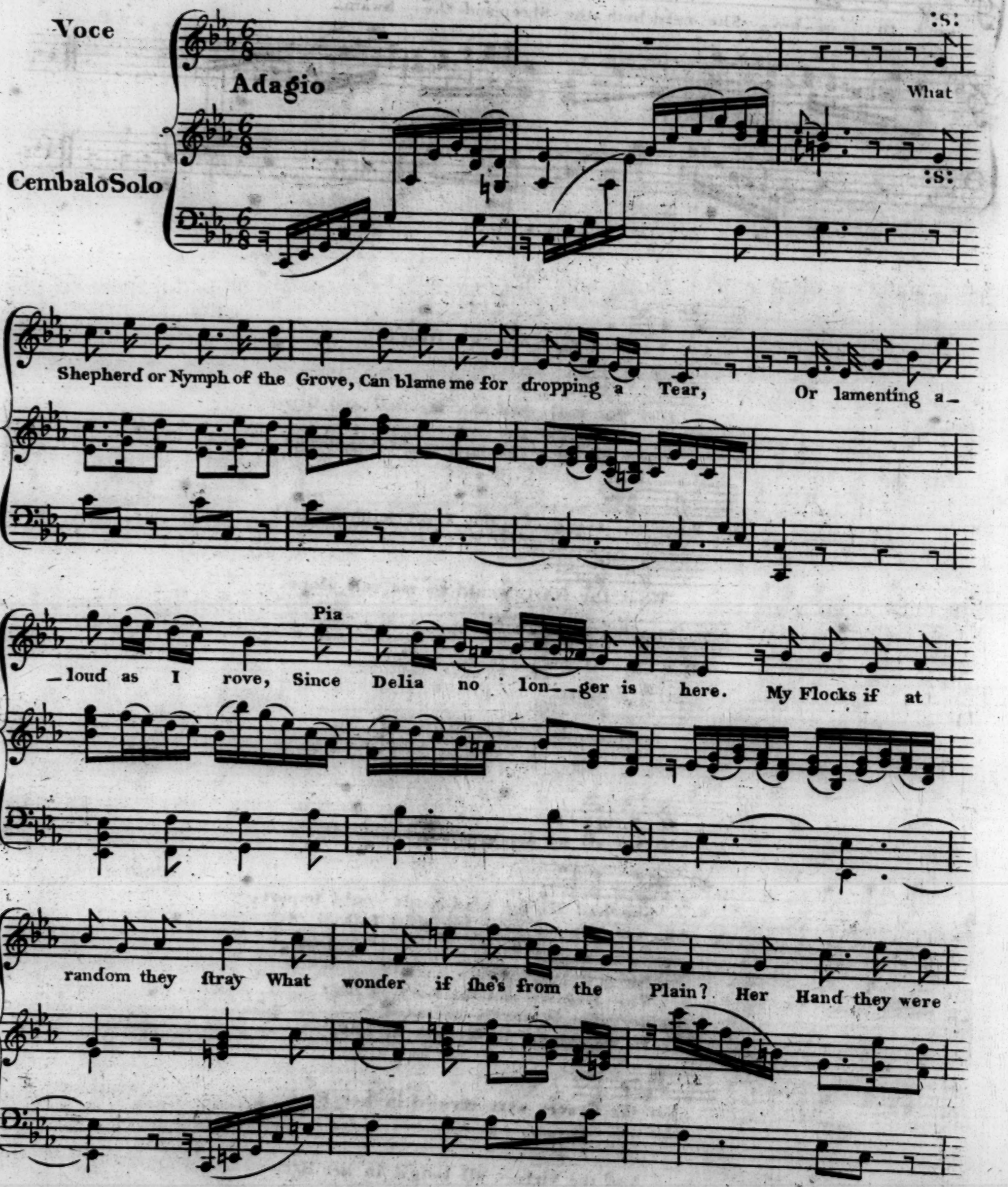
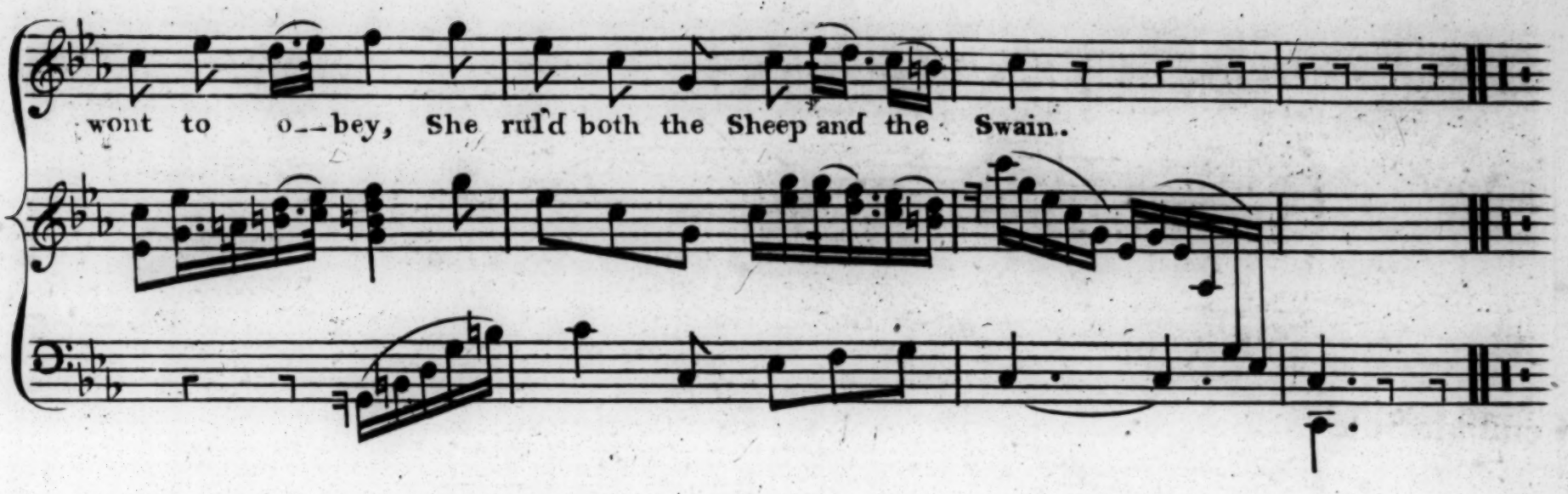
SONG XI.


Voce
Adagio
:S:
What
:S:
CembaloSolo
Shepherd or Nymph of the Grove, Can blame me for dropping a Tear, Or lamenting a-
Pia
-loud as I rove, Since Delia no lon--ger is here. My Flocks if at
random they ſtray What wonder if ſhe's from the Plain? Her Hand they were



2

Can I ever forget how we ſtray'd

O'er the Hill, thro' the Meadow and Grove;
Can I ever forget the dear Maid
When bluſhing ſhe firſt own'd her Love?

When ſhe fear'd ev'n the Trees might reveal

What ſhe ſcarce could to me tell alone.

But oh! what a Change do I feel,

Now my lovely Companion is gone!

3

She was all my fond Wiſhes could aſk,

She had all the kind Gods could impart,
She was Natures moſt beautiful Taſk,

The Deſpair and the Envy of Art:
In Her what is worthy to prize
In all that is lovely was dreſs'd,

For the Graces were thron'd in her Eyes

And the Virtues all lodg'd in her Breaſt.

SONG XII.

Voce

Adagio

Pia

Cembalo Solo

:S:

To faireſt Delia's grafsy Tomb, Soft Maids and Village

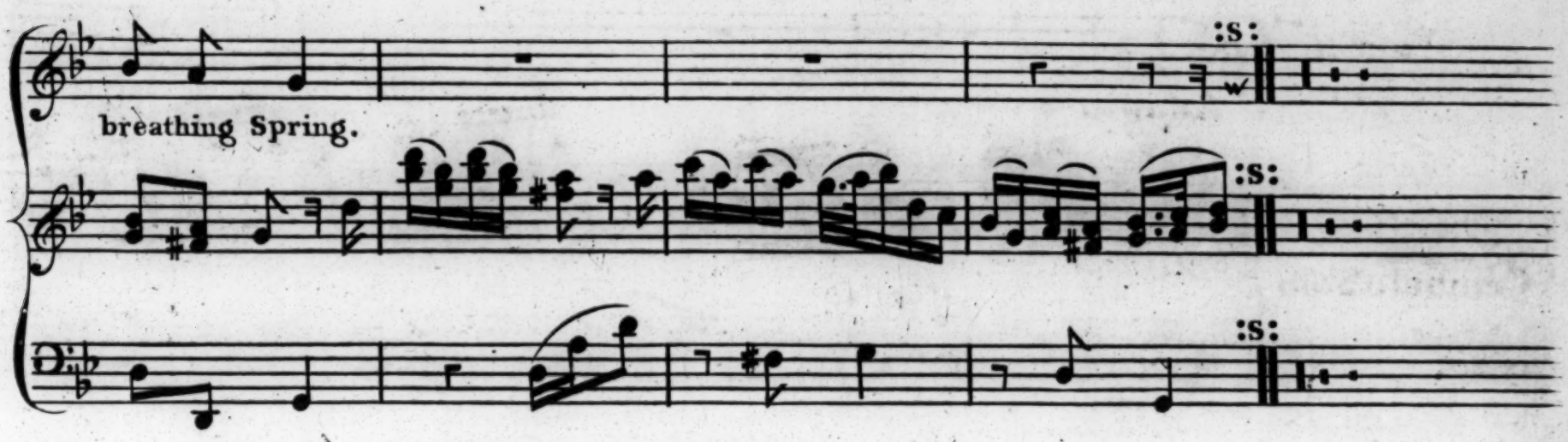
:S:

:S:

Hinds ſhall bring Each op'ning Sweet of earlieſt Bloom And ri_fle all the

breathing Spring.

Each op'ning Sweet of earlieſt Bloom, and ri_fle all the



2

No wailing Ghoſts ſhall dare appear,
To vex with Shrieks this quiet Grove;
But Shepherd-Lads aſſemble here,
And melting Virgins own their Love.

3

No wither'd Witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No Goblins lead their nightly Crew;
But female Fays ſhall haunt the Green,
And dreſs thy Grave with early Dew.

4

The Red-breaſt oft at Evening Hours
Shall kindly lend his little Aid,
With hoary Moſs and gather'd Flow'rs
To deck the Ground where thou art laid.

5

When howling Winds and beating Rain
In Tempeſt ſhake the Sylvan Cell,
Or midſt the Chace on ev'ry Plain,
The tender Thought on Thee ſhall dwell.

6

Each lonely Scene ſhall thee reſtore,
For Thee the Tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd 'till Life can charm no more,
And mourn'd 'till Pity's ſelf be dead!

Fine